My Dear Elizabeth,

Autumnal Blooms

The most sublime canticle
of His love is
concealed in
the mystery of suffering.

Sorrows are the
Autmnal blooms
Of the soul—
When pressed
Between
The pages of
Our soul's book,
They breathe
A sweet fragrance,
A delicate melody
Of Hope—

Unquiet as a subtle flame,
Sorrows sparkle forth
As transparent crystals of His love.
Let your soul become
an immense reservoir of light.
Let this divine influx of his light sustain you.
It is enough!

The waters of wounded love,
Cresting in a soul,
Bear the bitterness of grief.
But pushed by the winds of struggle and sorrow
They become the ineffable prodigy of love,
the tranquility of security,
In the Tiberian bark of a soul.

The only rest Christ had on this earth was on the cross.
Let us, too, find our deepest rest in His cross.
The cross is "food" for our souls, because it is His will that is our peace.
All sorrows are divinized by reposing in His will.
Let us, therefore, joyfully feast at the banquet of our sorrows!

"Feasting" with you, my dear friend, on this lovely rainy day!

Thank you for the generosity of your soul in gifting me with the Mass requests.

(The Bio-freeze was delivered to your porch on Wednesday according to Amazon account records.)

Joyce

Sept 18 2016 Sunday

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My God, the well of weakness and dizziness seems bottomless today. Give me the strength to find your light amidst this darkness and pain. Lead my soul from out the chasm of this suffering to the eternal joy of seeing you face to face.

+++

My soul has been wounded with a longing for stillness and the silence of His peace alone.

+++

Jesus, are you there in the depth of my soul? I desire the reality of that truth to be as a testimony to unshakeable faith…and yet doubt hatchets my soul into agonizing shards. My soul is cut into pieces and fed to the lions of deceit.

+++

In my desolation of soul, I know Jesus is most at work. If the field were already tilled and the seed planted, He would have no need to tarry a little while and sit with me on the bench. He rests in my soul and invites me to rest with Him and not to be without joy in His presence.

+++

In the fragile bark of my soul, I "hope against hope" because He rests with me and calls me to His peace.

+++

This precious pearl of divine love is formed in the spotless shell of the soul during this dreadful interior tempest and is made fecund in the moments of darkest desolation.

+++

When the night envelopes my soul and the sorrowful darkness clouds over every thought and impulse, I am lost in the abyss of my nothingness. But by some alchemical transference, a stroke of divine magic, He sleeps in my boat and will soon awaken as the tempest increases its furious onslaught and say to me, "Do not fear! I am with you!"

+++

In the incredulity of disbelief, I know that the sufferings of this life will be a refining and a purifying of my soul.

+++

Suffering leads my soul to the summit of radiant Tabor and "flames of fire" are His divine infusions. With bitter tears, I offer to Him a secret martyrdom.

+++++

Suffering and desolation of soul despoil me of the gross dross of egoism.

+++

Desolation has its own peculiar beauty just as the deep ravines contrast to the sheer, gigantic cliffs of joy. Only the soaring eagle of hope has access to both.

+++

There is a beauty in the night of the soul. It is the subtle, penetrating light shining in the darkness. It is the light of faith, the light of truth. The angels of its annunciation are silence, darkness, and sadness.

Solitude
Silence
Stillness:

These are the needles
that mend
the tatters
of my soul—

The thread
that makes
my soul
whole.

Dearest Elizabeth:

Thank you for
The melody of light and love
And the tears of the One
Who waters the meadows
Of our souls.

In suffering
The ears of a soul
Hear the music of silence
As sliding down the bare bones of reality
We are drawn
into the naked beauty
of Christ
Alone.

Let us
Together
Perch atop the roof of humility,
Flutter our wings for a passing moment,
And, ascending in prayer,
Arrive at the cross of Hope.

Thank you for the graces of your friendship.

Joyce+

August 1, 2016-Monday

Only in the toil
of suffering
does the soul
journey to truth.

+++

In the caverns
of the soul
The tides of pain
Etch His Cross
At the intersection
Of Now and
Eternity.

+++

If the soul
Be inundated
With fear,
The Light of Christ
Is the spark
That flames forth
Into the Bright Darkness
Of Hope.

August 1, 2016-Monday

Only in the toil
of suffering
does the soul
journey to truth.

Suffering leads
To the purification
Of every desire in life.
The only desire that remains
Is to see the face of God.

"Thank you"
Is a little thread

Unravelling

From the hem
Of my soul

Threaded
Through the
Needle of God.

Joyce+

Do you know
The little girl
Crouching
In my soul?
"I am
'Faithed Fear'
Knee bent
In palsied prayer."

++++

"Thank you"
Is a little thread
Unravelling
From the hem
Of my soul
Threaded
Through the
Needle of God.

"Thank you"
Is a little thread

Unravelling

From the hem
Of my soul

Threaded
Through the
Needle of God.

A scarlet stitch
To patch
A wounded chord
Of His love.

Joyce+

Saturday, April 30, 2016

In the agony
Of this stripping,
My soul is invited
To constantly
Seek His face
In ceaseless prayer—
In such moments
Of His presence
In my soul,
I catch a glimpse
Of eternity
Despite the thick
Opacity of time,
And beyond
The dust of sin.

Hello, Harry:

Thank you for the grace of allowing me to share with you the initial terror that flooded my soul upon being warned of the "danger" of speaking with Joey.

After considerable pondering as to the path I should tread (or tiptoe) when journeying with him on his pilgrimage of sorrows, I came to the resolve to accompany him as far as the light of Christ leads me.

For one who is held by His right hand, there is no other choice but to extend to Joey an invitation to rejoice at His banquet and to feed on His love and peace.

"The Gift of a Feather from the Wing of My Soul"

In the swan song
Of my life,
God is giving me
The grace,

To pluck
A feather,
From the wing
Of my soul,

To graft it
To the plumage
Of his sorrow,

As a farewell gift
To a forlorn soul
Bowed down with grief,

To strengthen
The drooping wings
Of a soul that lies
In the dust
Of sin.

The gift
Of a little feather--
A "flutter" of grace--
Soaring into the skies
Over the churning seas
Of a soul's dark night.

A benedictus presence
In the eternal Mass

Celebrated on the altar
Of my soul.

Such an abundance of suffering is born in a soul that has no cognition of sin. This little three-letter word has been relegated to the ash heap of virtues. It is at the heart of an avalanche of sorrow—past, present, and future. I pray that "sin" be reborn in the syntax of the modern soul; it is the matrix of a life lived in Christ.

I pray your choir practice was "heavenly" and that it provided a modicum of relief from the burdens weighing on the "shoulders" of your soul.

I have no relief from this incessant dizziness. I try to focus and the world resists my every effort. I unite my soul to His will and, bending low, enter into His wounded heart. There I kneel and "drink the cup" that is but bitterness and pain.

Love,
Joyce

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
the distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
will lead me on,
o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
the night is gone;
and with the morn those angel faces smile,
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Dear Harry,

During our conversation yesterday, I made mention of the intent on the part of a fundamentalist "Christian" to wage an argumentative victory in asserting his faith conviction.

At the same time, I have for several days, been pondering the invitation one of your fellow church members gave you relevant to prayer upon arising early.

I thought it might be insightful to share with you the journey and perspective I have chosen in leading a life of unceasing prayer.

The amplitude of a life totally surrendered to Christ in prayer is not, as some would, conceive, narrow or closed in upon itself.

On the contrary,
The expanse of each moment is graced
With the breath of eternity.

The straws to which I have clung in the past, as a pilgrim in search of the absolute, are all annihilated by the inevitability of death which awaits me. For the greater portion of my life, I was a "pilgrim" of literature, philosophy, theology, art, drama, film, music. These were the pivot points of my soul. These were the "straws" to which my soul clung.

Now, I feel
The holy hush of death
Descending on my soul.
And have realized
That a reordering
Of perspective
Is required.

As I dive deeply
Into the seas of my soul,
I discover that prayer
Is the artifice of eternity
And even more so,
Is silence the flame of grace.

It is in prayer
That the infinite depths
Of the presence of eternity
Are revealed.

Prayer
Keeps my mind fixed
Through which my soul
Will soon pass.

I listen
With the ears
Of my soul
To the divine music
Without and within
My soul.

Above all
I listen
To the divine emptiness.

In the emptying of self,
My soul
Is made resplendent
With His light.

The eye of my soul,
Once so conditioned
To seek beauty,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Sees potentially
Everything as the beauty
Of the sacred.

Thus,
As my soul approaches
The arbor of eternity,
Every beat of my heart
And every gasping breath
Affirms that

Prayer is God:

I pray
To God
And then
God prays
In my soul,
Unceasingly
In a mystical transfiguration
Of being.

As the ship of my soul
Nears the harbor of eternity,

All the straws that littered the way,
Are Ignited with the flame of prayer.

Amidst the holocaust of ashes:
Christ alone kneels
In my soul:
Clothed in a garment
Of light.

He
Who seeks
His peace
Must enter
Through
The "narrow gate".
The "gate" of suffering.
The "gate" of love:
The soul "knee-bent"
In prayer.

Thank you for sharing with me, in the passing moments of your life, the "magnificat" beauty of your soul.

Joyce

A note on "acceptance":

"Acceptance" of cell phone mania among attendees at a performance is a dumbing down to the level of mediocrity. However, to expect sanity and intelligent restraint at the type of concert you attended, is circumventing the issue.
In a cultural milieu (i.e. the Met, Alice Tully Hall, et al), technological intrusiveness on the part of the audience is not acceptable behavior and is disciplined as such.
The determinant is the "mentality" of the audience in the context of a performance. Those who gravitate toward Elvis impersonations inhabit a culture of impoverishment—spiritually, intellectually and aesthetically.
The aspiration of your soul, Harry, stretches towards a transcendent beauty that is eclipsed, even annihilated, in the context described.
Acceptance is capitulation and, inevitably, leads to accommodation.
Accommodation is the death knell of the soul.

A tear
Flees
Down the slope
Of fear
Catching its feet
In a Net of thought.

Everything takes on new meaning
When the eyes of the soul
See the bright pure radiant
Light of Christ
Shining through
The black door of death.

The Transparent Soul

There are some people
Through whom I see
Christ Passing by
As if they were
Transparent beings.

Your acts of kindness,
In word and deed,
(Rays of His light
Emanating from your soul)
Testify to such
A shining transfiguration.

"Jesus is passing by"
And has stopped
At the Eboli of my soul.
The sacred silence
Of His presence,
Is the fertility
Of your Faith.

And when my soul
Leaves this earth
May I hear once more
The words of the Gospel:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by"
And the blind man in me
Shall see THEE.

Joyous Christmas
Blessings!

+ Joyce +

The Skies of my Tears:

The autumn leaves
Fall from the skies
Of my tears
Into heaps of fears
In the corner
Of my soul.
The match is
Prayer.

The Crucible of Perfection:

Only in the
Crucible of suffering
Is the soul
Made perfect.

The Soul's Pumice Stone:

Suffering
Is
The pumice stone
Of the soul.

The Scaffold of Pain:

The Mystery of Suffering
Is only understood
By the weary soul's
Ascension to
The scaffold
Of Pain.

First Knot:

The world
Is a Sacrament
Of the Divine Presence.

Seventeenth Knot:

"Through
sacred knowledge
renewing
the divine beauty
imprinted upon it,
prayer
presents
the soul
to God."

Theoliptos

Monday, December 28, 2015 (2)

My soul is swathed in the swaddling cloak of grief.
Each moment crescents to a shattering peak: No more in the multi-colored prism of time will the eyes of my soul behold the vibrant hues of a rainbowed life.

My limbs move haltingly over the edges of despair and cling tremoring to the cliffs of fear. How did the suddenness descend? From where did come the spiked-honed spear? What hand was empowered to hurl so deep? And why the target so measured and exact?

Could my soul have avoided the attack? By what subterfuge delay the ravagement?
Why was His will not meted out in fragile grace notes, tiny morsels on the staff of life? Why was the inundation not a gentle lapping at my soul's shores? Bit by bit, the erosion would have seemed but a tugging at a thread-worn sleeve. The unraveling would have led then, unfalteringly, to a new garment of being.

Instead, the entire swaddling cloth of my soul has threads that hang loosely in a windswept heap.

Monday, Dec. 28, 2015

How droop
The wings of my soul
Rising to the mountain summits
In the presence
Of my cries.

Immeasurable immensity,
Unutterable the harmony,
Of the sad hymn eternal.

Unsearchable the deeps
Of my soul inundated,
Pensive and swathed,
In an ethereal
Symphony of sleep.

The litany of a voice
Arises from the sea.
A universal chant
Of unchanging beat.

A chant of joy,
A chant of peace,
A psaltery
Writ by the Hand of God
In the shadows deep
Entwining in my soul.

All the world, My soul,
Is a dirge cry
In the abyss of time.

Is not all the world,
a dirge cry
in the abyss of time?
I listen
to the silent music
of my soul—
A silence
That is a sadness
Beyond the music
Of passing melodies
Of fear.

It's a song all soul's sing
When the music is heard,
Not in orchestral strains,
But in the staccato rhythm of tears,
Falling from heart to eyes,
And when the world,
Floats up drippingly,
From a bitter sea.

As sure as fire
Bursts forth from stubble,
The soul drinks,
With quivering lips
His liquid light.

Eternity pipes a song
In every night,
As in the font of stillness,
He shines bright!

Sat. 12-26-15

The gnawing of the heart
Chews into the sunrise of the day.
Food for my soul,
Christ,
Make me whole.

+++

It is Christmas
And sadness rings in my soul.
Oh, God!
Ring, ring, ring
The eternal chimes
Of Hope.

+++

In my soul
There is a silence.
A silence
That is a sadness
Beyond the music
Of passing melodies
Of fear.

+++

To live one's life
In the still point
Of the soul
Is to touch Heaven
While standing
On the earth.

+++

My abdomen is painfully distended
And the tremors flit about
Like maimed butterflies
On a gasping breath.

The Autumn of my soul is here.
Dark October cannot sere
The golden, royal diadem
Radiant with the splendor
Of His true light.

The sandals
Of my soul are tied
To shod me
To His throne
In the red rose
Of my heart's core.

Drenched with scent of joy,
My soul makes melody
Like a bee
Drifting to and fro
In the chaliced rose
Of Jericho.

It's a song all soul's sing
When the music is heard
Not in orchestral strains but
But in the staccato rhythm
Of tears
Falling from heart to eyes
And when the world
Floats up drippingly
From a bitter sea.

Grief is spent
From the Bell-tower of my soul
As joy rings forth
In a sceptered sadness
From Christ's expectant
Empty rock-hewn tomb.

My soul,
Bare the roots of truth,
All fleeting is a seeming.
No longer
Fix thy soul
In stilled despair.

God breathes you forth
As a bubble,
And then sucks
You back into His mouth.

As sure as fire
Bursts forth from stubble,
The soul drinks
With quivering lips
His liquid light.

Eternity pipes a song
In every night,
As in the font of stillness
He shines bright.

Inward Stillness

"Be still and know that I am God."
(Ps. 46)

The chill that invades the soul—
A swirling snow storm of grief—

How abide the rising tides?
How not drown in black despair?

The only way is solitary prayer.
Deep within the caverns of the soul,
There to blanket the frigid fear:

In the Inward Stillness
To be—
A quiet abode of
His peace.

Sunday, 5-10-15
I offer my suffering as a prayer

Suffering is the unceasing prayer that echoes throughout the universe.

Suffering is the most eloquent and also the most powerful prayer because in the silence of the soul each moment is sanctified.

Wednesday
6-10-15

"Why are you cast down, my soul?
Why groan within me?"
"Hope in God."
Ps. 43

My soul is filled with a paralysis of anguish. "Out of the depths" of despair, I call to you, My God! Hear my prayer and deliver me from the fears that imprison my every breath.
Within the cloister of my own soul, I seek refuge.
In patient hope, My God, I wait patiently. Behind the lattices of silence, my soul shrieks.
Anchor my soul in your truth, beyond the fascination of passing joys. But only give me the strength, the humility, the depth of love to say "yes" to your Will, moment by moment.
Let not hope and trust in your mercy fail me.

I am living in a body that is foreign to me. This mystic casket of my soul seems to be stolen from me—cell by cell. My vision is unfocused. My brain feels as if an impenetrable, thick, black fog has cloaked it and thought struggles to clear away the debris in order to find a mooring.
I'm becoming terrifyingly uncoordinated, awkward, slow. Ideas cannot find words to express them; my speech falters.
The fatigue is leaden—I sink under its weight.
All of this takes getting used to for me who was just a short while ago so energetic and embraced each moment with boundless joy.
Launch my soul from this earth soon, My God. I find no dwelling here that brings purpose to my moments or even a vestige of comfort.

The swelling in my abdomen is an unrelenting burden.

Prayer, meditation on the word of God, must be the foundation of my days. I feel called to be an embodiment of silent prayer in the noisy tumult of this world. The ears of my soul hear Him calling me to this

convent in my soul. “Here I am, Lord! Do with me according to your will!” Fiat!

Friday
6-12-15

"And now, Lord,
What is there to wait for?
In you rests all my hope."
(Ps. 39)

In my soul is a torrent of thorns hurling me into the abyss of despair. In God alone does my soul find rest. He alone is my joy.
I cling to His Hope as a drowning man clings to a raft as the waves threaten to hurl him into the depths of the sea.
God, strengthen my soul to endure and to find my nourishment in the food of your will. In the present moment the food has a bitterness that burns, nay scorches, leaving me but a heap of ashes.

My mind falters; thoughts stick, refusing to move to completion. It is as if my brain and body have run out of oil, creaking to a frightening halt. What has happened to a mind that once was graced with the facility to express itself with clarity? All is cobwebs and each day the spider spins its web with greater urgency and dexterity. God now is the lamp unto my feet.

Crushed in this "place of sorrows" ,My God, help me!

July 1, 2015

Wednesday

“”Truly, truly, I say to you, when you were young, you girded yourself and walked where you would; but when you are old, you will stretch out your hands, and another will gird you and carry you where you do not wish to go” (This he said to show by what death he was to glorify God.) And after this he said to him, “Follow me.”
John 21:18-19

This scripture passage echoes through the corridors of my soul during my final moments on this earth. I “do not wish to go” into the flames of suffering. He is “girding me” with strength as I “stretch out my hands” in prayer. I will accept His invitation to “follow” after Him—He will be the “lamp for my feet” and the “light” to guide me home.

My days are structured around prayer. Prayer is the “anchor of my soul”. The daily routine is then augmented by tending to hygienic chores (hair and body cleaning), preparing meals, eating, exercising, and bowel movements! All of this depletes me of enormous amounts of energy---or, more aptly stated, depletes me of the minimal reservoirs of energy still available.

My upper abdomen causes unbearable discomfort. As soon as I eat—even the smallest amount—I feel bloated, swollen.

I pray my time on this earth’s “rack” not be extended much longer. I surrender to your will, My God! ---BUT turn an ear my way and extend your hand to lead me beyond this darkness into the radiance of your light.

5/11/15

Today my soul has descended into the emptiness of its nakedness. All is utter darkness. The light of hope is quenched. My trembling hand reaches out to touch (what?)—nothingness. And yet...I know He is within me. He shines in the night of my soul brighter than the "noonday sun". In fact, the blackness is a mirror of his radiance, for do we not know that "he is a hidden God"?

6-8-15

Yeats:
"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold"

This line from Yeats' "Second Coming" has been echoing down the hollows of my soul all morning today. I feel so completely uncentered as if "all things" have fallen apart. Whatever was the "center" of my life suddenly "cannot hold".

It is a strange sensation of being out of focus—mentally and physically. Though I have never been in a drunken stupor, induced by excessive alcoholic consumption, I imagine what I am experiencing must bear a remarkable similitude to that state of disorientation.

I have, however, known the inebriation of joy upon the discovery of an idea, the image of a beauty, transcendent and ethereal, revealed to my soul in a painting, a poem, or a musical piece. It is the inebriation of the ephemeral when seen from the perspective of a spiritual precipice.

Such tidbits of this passing landscape are sufficient sustenance until one catapults over the edge and, falling into the abyss, confronts the entirety of one's own nothingness. The cruel brutality of that encounter cannot be described. It can only be felt by others who have known life in the abyss. Then there is no need to falter toward description. One crosses the territory over a bridge of silence, embracing the other in a terrifying clasp of recognition.

The ephemeral, the transitory, now I see, was the "food" that fed my hungry soul. My soul's repast is now His Will—a "fiat" of total abandonment into the arms of God. I pray that my soul be strong and not be crushed by the weight.

10/14/15

The Skies of my Tears:

The autumn leaves
Fall from the skies
Of my tears
Into heaps of fears
In the corner
Of my soul.
The match is
Prayer.

The Crucible of Perfection:

Only in the
Crucible of suffering
Is the soul
Made perfect.

The Soul's Pumice Stone:

Suffering
Is
The pumice stone
Of the soul.

The Scaffold of Pain:

The Mystery of Suffering
Is only understood
By the weary soul's
Ascension to
The scaffold
Of Pain.

Oct 16 2015

O my God, light of my soul, in this infinity of suffering my will is crushed into a being at one with your Divine Will. The nakedness of my pain with each breath is clothed in the shadow of death. And yet I trust in you, knowing that you will not abandon me. You will not grant passage for this fragile fluttering feather to voyage on the winds of chance. Instead, how mercifully you sew a regal tuxedo for my soul's attire. Regally attired, I seek your face, in the splendor of light that shines through the darkness.

In the parchment of my pain, O My God, light of my soul, I take refuge in the living water that flows from the fountain of your wounded heart. My soul swims in the mystical tides, holding firm to the Cross of Hope.

My soul is a little frayed feather kept aloft by the gentle breath of God. In moments when my soul flutters into the deeps, He breathes on it to soar aloft buoyed by faith and trust in His mercy.

There is God and there is Nothingness. When my soul cried "out of the depths" from the abyss of its bare nakedness, a radiant light filled the dark caverns. It was a flood that drowned my thirsty soul to life.

I.

Thoreau observed
that most men live lives
of quiet desperation.
Today most men live
the desperation of distraction
under the dictatorship of noise.
Man has progressed
from the quietude of desperation
to the cacophonous
desperation of distraction.

"Noise
Is
The music
Of
Hell."

C.S Lewis

Prayer
Silently
Wraps
My soul
Each day
In the
Fabric
Of
His
Eternity.

The
Splendor
Of the
Human soul
Is
A
Blinding
Truth.

The
Icon
Emblazoned
On
My soul
Is
Jesus crucified.

The Alchemy of a Tear

Each tear
Fountains forth
The paschal mystery
of Christ.

Watering
The
Parched
Desert of a soul.
With the
Light of eternity.

Thank you
For
Entrusting
tears
To the
Sacred Vault
Of My soul.

In this
"vale of tears"
There is no
Greater Gift
Than to
Transform
Each tear
Into
Prayer.

In the stillness
and silence
of prayer,

Joyce

Love Untainted

The boat
of your
soul
now is in
harbor…
moored
to the
pier
of
His Peace.

The cargo
Of
Suffering
Sinks
my soul
Into the
Deeps
Of
His mercy.

In a union
Of peace and mercy,
Our souls
Forever
Tethered
abide
In the
Bright sadness
Of eternal truth…
Love untainted.

The Limping Upwards

My soul
Yearns
To be
Configured
To the
Eternal silence
Of
Christ.

On the
Circumference
Of
Reality,
Wounded and pierced,
Limps
my soul
upwards
to
Thee.

Sparks of Fire

As I
Begin
To breathe
The breath
Of eternity,
Sparks of
A hidden fire
Burn away
The darkness
Of despair.

The Kiss of Heaven

My
Pilgrim soul
Kisses
Heaven
In the
Eucharist.

Only Christ

The soul
Finds its
Home
Only
in Christ—
All else is
nothingness
Mere pieces
of straw
Blown
by the winds
of time
Onto
the shores
Of futile desires.

At the Doorstep of God
(a humble note of appreciation)

In the silent corridors of our souls
Where tears and sorrows,
Sufferings and joys,
Hopes and fears
Dwell in the mysterious graces of His will,
The sound of your supernal chants each Sunday
Seems to rise from the abyss of God's abode
To the frontiers of transcendent truth
Bathing our souls in the rainfalls
Of His unclouded love and sanctifying grace.

Like a pillar glowing in the darknesses of night
Your soul, song-filled with hope,
Transfigures our emptinesses
Into the radiances of joy and faith .
Bending our knees in prayer,
In the Eucharistic lights and the great "AMEN!"
We kneel, the nakedness of our souls
Clothed by the benediction of your song,
Abloom in beauty at the doorstep of God.

Each week, my fellow parishioners and I,
Fill the wildernesses of our souls
By sipping at the cup that flows
To an overflowing fullness
From the well-spring of melody
That lies hidden
In the solitudes of your soul.

Before the selfless beauty of this gift,
We humbly offer so little in return.
Let this, therefore, be a "Thank You",
Be it ever so poor, a "Deo Gratias!"
Wrapped in the silences of prayer.

In the humility and simplicity
Of a grateful heart,

Joyce

At the Doorstep of God
(a humble note of appreciation)

In the silent corridors of our souls
Where tears and sorrows,
Sufferings and joys,
Hopes and fears
Dwell in the mysterious graces of His will,
The sound of your supernal chants each Sunday
Seems to rise from the abyss of God's abode
To the frontiers of transcendent truth
Bathing our souls in the rainfalls
Of His unclouded love and sanctifying grace.

Like a pillar glowing in the darknesses of night
Your soul, song-filled with hope,
Transfigures our emptinesses
Into the radiances of joy and faith .
Bending our knees in prayer,
In the Eucharistic lights and the great "AMEN!"
We kneel, the nakedness of our souls
Clothed by the benediction of your song,
Abloom in beauty at the doorstep of God.

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Be it ever so poor, a "Deo Gratias!"
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In the humility and simplicity
Of a grateful heart,

Joyce

The Inebriation of Pain

Christ
is fully present
in the soul
in the
inebriation of pain.

A soul
so chosen
is fed with
His joy.

Pain
becomes
its eucharist;
its food;
its nourishment
for the journey
to His
Eternal embrace.

The Soul's Purification

Suffering
Purifies
The soul
Of all
Vanities
Of this
Earthly life—

The soul
Then
Clings
To
God Alone
As its
Lamp
And
Its
Light
On the path
To eternity.

God
Becomes
The
Joy
Of the
Soul
United to
His
Will
Alone.

Ipso Facto

Perfect happiness
Is to
Desire
Nothing.
Ipso Facto,
To have
Nothing,
Is to have
Everything
One
Desires.

Divine Humility

Everything
Sings
The song
Of
Divine Humility:

None
more so
Than The
Melody
Of
The
Suffering soul
Pierced
To
The
Pinnacle of pain.

The Mass
has become
for me
the mystical
suspension
of my soul
above
the abyss
of pain.

+++

Only
Christ's love
is
infinite.

+++

It is
Suffering
that
expands
the human heart
to love.

+++

In each
tear
Is
Reflected
The
silence
Of eternity.

A Swept Soul

As
The curtain
Of
My life
Draws to a close,
A
Cold
Shudder
Sweeps through my soul,
And
I cry:
"Make me whole!"

Paradox

In
The
ABSENCE
Is
The
DIVINE PRESENCE.

In
The
Darkness
Is
The
Brightness
Of
HIS RADIANCE.

The Mass
has become
for me
the mystical
suspension
of my soul
above
the abyss
of pain.

+++

Only
Christ's love
is
infinite.

+++

It is
Suffering
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Sweeps through my soul,
And
I cry:
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+++

Paradox

In
The
ABSENCE
Is
The
DIVINE PRESENCE.

In
The
Darkness

Is
The
Brightness
Of
HIS RADIANCE.

+++

The Cross Embraced

To
Draw
Close
To
God
Is
To
Embrace
The
Cross.

The Inner Sepulcher

My
soul
brushes
against
the
bottom
of
Nothingness….
And
There
Is
The
Presence
of
God.

I am
a little twig
of nothingness
Thrown into the fire
of His all-consuming love—
A flame
that stretches
to eternity.

++++

The well of my mind
Has run dry—
Swept clean—
Only the Will of God remains. —
That suffices all.

++++

It is best
To keep only
one foot on the earth--
So that the soul is kept
in a state of readiness--
So that it is easier
to leap over
the flames of pain
Into His heart of Mercy.
I am learning the art of leaping.

The Enshrouded Soul

Suffering
Enshrouds
My soul—
But
At the Center
Flames
Forth
The
Fire of His Love
That
Sears
Infinity.

A Winged Soul

My Soul
Wings
Upwards
And
Rests
In
Him
Alone.

Incandescence

The suffering soul
Sees all as
A radiant incandescence:
The light of Christ
Illuminates everything—
Both material and immaterial.
Darkness is no more…

Enfoldment

I am
silently
Folding
My sufferings
Into
The creases
Of ceaseless
prayer.

+++

We must be thankful
For every cross
that comes into our life
because it is the cross
that unites us to Christ.

Enfoldment

I am
Folding
My suffering
Into
The creases
Of prayer.

True
joy
Is
found
Only
in
GOD.

+++

The
Cross
Is
My
Cane.

Suffering
Stretches
My
Soul
To
The
Infinity
Of
Eternity.

On keeping the eyes of the soul "fixed"
On the cross of Christ:

All the melodies
of the human soul,
Sung in this vale of tears,
Mysteriously
converge and diverge
At the center
of the intercepting beams
of the cross of Christ.

At this still point
of the turning world,
the luminous white light
of eternity
pierces
through the veil
of our mortality.

His face
we see
and seeing
are set
free.

Purity of Desire

Suffering
Is
The
Chalice
Of
Christ
that
quenches
All
Earthly
desires.

Peace of Soul

To attain
Peace of soul
One should
More and more
Want
Less and less
Other than
The will of God.

The Bud of Hope

Hope
Is
The
Bud
On
The
Bloom
Of
Eternity.

+++

The World

Is a Sacramental

Emanation

Of the Divine Presence

Of Christ.

+++

The soul

Is a mirror

In which

Christ is

Reflected.

+++

The Sparkling Stone

The light of Christ
Sparkles
From under
every stone
On earth
And from
Every stone
broken in
The human heart.

+++

In every tragedy
In every suffering
There is
A hidden jewel.

+++

To Be a Lamp of Christ's Love

O, my Jesus Crucified,
I embrace you
And, fleeing the deceit of life
And its supposed happiness,
Run to you alone,
The Divine Flame in my soul.
Transform my soul
Into a lamp of your love.

"The Mystery of His Dust"

The dust of His love
Sweeps over everything—
Even the mountains of sorrows
In the clefts of my soul.

I grasp the dust rag
To wipe away the debris
And a whisper is heard
By the ears of my soul:

In the dust of His love
That covers all things
Is the mystery of suffering
Is the mystery of His will.

O my soul!
The mystery
of His dust
is gold.

"The Cuticle of My Soul"

There is a cuticle
On the raiment
of my soul
That sorrows snip
To its center
--the true quiet
of eternity.

The Still Point of the Soul

When a soul dwells in the still point of its center within,
Then the soul dwells in God and God dwells in him.
The soul then discovers that the circumstances of its external world count for nothing. Whatever and wherever a soul dwells, all is the same ground of its being.

With this realization, boundless peace is born in the soul. It is a transcendent peace because its determinant point is within, independent of the flux of time and the vagaries of one's state in life.

Though in my present condition I am confined within the walls of this house physically, spiritually my universe expands, endlessly, to the depths of this still center within my soul. It is within that still point that, from eternity to eternity and unto all ages, my soul lives, and, moves, and has its being in Christ, the light that never fades.

Crumbling On

As the
Distance
Between
Time and eternity
Narrows,
One
Crumbles on
In the
Illumination
Of
His countenance—
The only
Light of my soul:
Christ

Transparency of Christ:
The Dust of His Light

The eyes of my soul
see the world
dusted with
the light of Christ.

Everywhere His dust,
sparking through the rubble
of this dark world,
covers all with
His resplendent beauty. truth, and love.

The rays of light,
falling from the
Divine Presence in my soul,
give transparency to things.
It is as if the light touches all things,
sinking into them, penetrating them.
Something within the universe of being
is touched, animated, made whole.

From the core of these things,
of all things created,
His light reflects and shines back.

It is as though
the touch of the spark
of His divine life
quickens the capabilities,
the potentialities, of all things
and makes all reach out towards itself.

At that moment
the eschatological situation is realized and,
in the words of St. Paul,
"God is all and in all."

The world is Christified;
His light is over all, through all and in all.

My soul,
filled with His light,
lives in eternity
while still earthbound.

My soul
finds its rest
in His light.
The tempests are stilled
and a peace
beyond mortal comprehension reigns.

Christ,
Spark of my soul,
Flame in the darkness,
Let my soul behold your truth
Now and in eternity.

Bright Darkness

The Light of Christ,
Shining
In the
Center of your soul,
Transfigures
The
Darkness of suffering
Into the
Brightness of
Eternal Hope.

Ipso Facto

Perfect happiness
Is to
Desire
Nothing.
Ipso Facto,
To have
Nothing,
Is to have
Everything
One
Desires.

"I will lead the blind
On their journey;
By paths unknown
I will guide them.
I will turn darkness
Into light before them,
And I will not forsake them."
(Isaiah 42:16)

Christ, my light, I am "blinded" by the fear of what this dreadful disease will do to me in the days of my journey on this earth. Quench the "thirst" of my soul, with your "drink" of mercy.

I trust you will "not forsake me" and lead me on "paths unknown" until the radiance of your light is the horizon of my hope.

"I am the Lord, your God,
Who grasp your right hand,
It is I who say to you,
"Fear not,
I will help you."
(Is 41:13)

Transparency of Christ:
The Dust of His Light

The eyes of my soul
see the world
dusted with
the light of Christ.

Everywhere His dust,
sparking through the rubble
of this dark world,
covers all with
His resplendent beauty. truth, and love.

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finds its rest
in His light.
The tempests are stilled
and a peace
beyond mortal comprehension reigns.

Christ,
Spark of my soul,
Flame in the darkness,
Let my soul behold your truth
Now and in eternity.

The Chant of the Soul

The cross
Is the
music
Of the
soul
In the
Vestibule
Of
Eternity.
The
Song
Chanted
To the
Will of God
Is
"DEO GRATIAS!"

Translucence

When
a soul
exhales
the
fragrant
odor of Christ,
who
lives
within
the soul,
it
radiates
the
eternal light:
the
translucent light
of Christ.

The Context of Eternity

With
The
Eyes of my heart,
I soar,
Like
An eagle,
Above
The
Clouds
Of
Human infirmity--
Gazing
Upon
The
Light
Of
Unchangeable truth
Who is Christ.

Crib Crossed

God's
Light
Shines forth
From the
Crib to the cross:
The
Luminous
Meaning
Of
Life.

Essence

The
Humility
Of
Resignation
Is
The
Essence of Love.

The Chant of the Soul

The cross
Is the
music
Of the
soul
In the
Vestibule
Of
Eternity.
The
Song
Chanted
To the
Will of God
Is
"DEO GRATIAS!"

Ipso Facto

Perfect happiness
Is to
Desire
Nothing.
Ipso Facto,
To have
Nothing,
Is to have
Everything
One
Desires.

Bright Darkness

The Light of Christ,
Shining
In the
Center of your soul,
Transfigures
The
Darkness of suffering
Into the
Brightness of
Eternal Hope.

Eternity Thread

Silence
Is now
The
Raiment
Of
My soul—
An ornament
Of grace
Suspended
By a
Thread
From the
Threshold
Of eternity.

I am so terribly ill,
my dear Harry,
that only
the jewel of silence
is the
raiment of my soul—
and the embers
of your kindness
little stitches
aflame
with His Mercy.

Paralysis is invading every muscle and nerve-
I am blinded by the impenetrable fog in my head.
The pervading, insistent tremors exhaust me.

I rest in peace knowing that your soul has found a harbor of love and joy.

In the
"port" of Christ
sorrows flee
and are no more.

Love,
Joyce

Imprint
"Et Verbum Caro Factum Est."

The
Divine Radiance
Of
Christ's Light
In the
Manger
Of the
Soul
Transfigures
Enigma
Into
The
Sacred imprint
Of His
Mystery.

Transcendent Suffering Beauty

All
Is
The
Visible
Transparency
Of God's
Transcendent
Beauty—
Even does
It
Dwell
The more
In the
Depths
And
Abysses
Of
Suffering.

Effusion Sacred

My tears
Are
The
Sacred
Effusion
of my
soul

Solo Dio

My soul
Has begun
Its
Ascent
To the
Nothingness
Of
Eternity's
Everything.

A Soul's Dewdrop

Just as a
Dewdrop
Glistens
On the
Bloom
Of A
Morning rose,
So, too,
Glistens
The light of Christ,
Forth from
the
Dewdrop
Of your Soul.

Thank you for the flood of "dewdrops" that keep the fragile ship of my soul afloat!

In a dewdrop of His love,
Birthday blessings!
Joyce

A Soul's Dewdrop

Just as a
Dewdrop
Glistens
On the
Bloom
Of A
Morning rose,
So, too,
Glistens
The light of Christ,
Forth from
the
Dewdrop
Of your Soul.

Thank you for the flood of "dewdrops" that keep the fragile ship of my soul afloat!

In a dewdrop of His love,
Birthday blessings!
Joyce

The Soul's Keyhole

I press
my ear
Against
the
Keyhole
of your soul
And hearing
The whispers
of your prayers
Am made
In His image
Once again
Whole.

Dear Harry,
Please forgive my silences. I am so dreadfully ill.

I press
my ear
Against
the
Keyhole
of your soul
And hearing
The whispers
of your prayers
Am made
In His image
Once again
Whole.

(But,
Alas!
Joy is fleeting—
A fading ember—
An orphaned glow.)

The Soul's Keyhole

I press
my ear
Against
the
Keyhole
of your soul
And hearing
The whispers
of your prayers
Am made
In His image
Once again
Whole.

The Beauty of a Smile

On the Borderline
Of Time and Eternity,
A Smile
Frees the soul
To Rise
To God,
The home
Of Every Heart,
Where
Restless yearnings
Cease
And
Sorrows all depart.

Empty Hands

Only
Empty Hands
Find
God is ALL
And
In ALL
Nothing more
Is
Or
Needs to be.

A Pebble of Pain

I
Am
Only
A little
Pebble
On
This
Earth
Of
Pain.

The Soul Embraced

Beatitude of Divinity
Beatitude of Beauty
Beatitude of Truth
Beatitude of Faith—
My soul embraced
by Christ.

Spoken Light

Prayer
Is
Sparks
Of
Spoken
Light.

Folding into Joy

As
My soul
Journeys
To The
Bright Darkness
Of
His
Divine Embrace,
My soul
folds
Ever
So gently
Into
Joy.

Crossroads

The
Crossroads
Of
Time
And
Eternity
Is
The
Cross
Of
Tears
Shining
in the
Soul
Of
Man.

To Be a Lamp of Christ's Love

O, my Jesus Crucified,
I embrace you
And,
fleeing
the deceit of life
And its
supposed happiness,
Run to
you alone,
The Divine Flame
in my soul.
Transform
my soul
Into a lamp
of your
love.

Infinity

In the
Heart
Is the
Infinity
Of
God.

The Harp of My Soul

The
Fingers
Of
Fear
Pluck
At The
Strings
Of
My
Soul's
Harp:

The
Transcendent
Melody
Of His
Divine Presence
Quiets
The
Storm.

Descending Darkness

My
Thoughts
Stub
Their
Toes
On
Invisible
Pebbles.

Quietude

When the soul
Is afflicted
In any way,
The very best thing
Is to surrender
To God's will
And
To bear affliction
And adversity
With complete confidence
and trust in God.
Then
the soul rests
in a deep quietude
In Him.

Beyond Definition

Incessant pain
Confronts the intellect
With the
Impossibility of definition:
And yet
Its presence in the soul
Is more powerful
and inwardly convincing
Than the
most impeccable
abstract dialectic.

Turning Within

Suffering
Leads the soul
To a profound sensation
Of the corruptible
And transitory nature
Of all earthly matter.

It results
In a modification
Of attitude
Toward everything
In the world.

Whatever is not eternal
Becomes of little value
And the absurdity of acquiring
Earthly possessions apparent.

The mind then
Becomes more attentive
And turns from the
surrounding external world
To the world within.

The Cosmic Thread

Only
When
One
suffers,
And is
stripped
To a
Bare nakedness
of being,
Does
the soul
fully realize
That there
is a
Cosmic connectedness of pain
--a thread that
Binds
all to each one
and
each one
to God.

Potentiality

The
Potentiality
Of
Affliction
Dwells
In the
Womb
of
Every
Soul.

Oneness

Suffering
Unites
The soul
With the
Vast
Ebb and flow
Of human
(and not so human)
Misery:
Past,
Present,
And
Future.

"Feathered" Fears

The
Pathway
To the
Portal
Of eternity
Is
Paved
With
Tears—and
"Feathered" fears.

(The fears
Are "feathered'
Because they
Flit
to and fro
Across
The abysses
of the
soul.)

Love Untainted

The boat
of your
soul
now is in
harbor…
moored
to the
pier
of
His Peace.

The cargo
Of
Suffering
Sinks
my soul
Into the
Deeps
Of
His mercy.

In a union
Of peace and mercy,
Our souls
Forever
abide
In the
Bright sadness
Of eternal truth…
Love untainted.

Dear Harry,

During our conversation yesterday, I made mention of the intent on the part of a fundamentalist "Christian" to wage an argumentative victory in asserting his faith conviction. We did, however, broach what it means "to pray" as a disciple of Christ.

Prayer, we did agree, is the pillar that upholds the world.

At the same time, I have for several days, been pondering the invitation one of your fellow church members gave you relevant to prayer upon arising early.

I thought it might be insightful to share with you the journey and perspective I have chosen in leading a life of unceasing prayer.

The amplitude of a life totally surrendered to Christ in prayer is not, as some would, conceive, narrow or closed in upon itself.

On the contrary,
The expanse of each moment is graced
With the breath of eternity.

The straws to which I have clung in the past, as a pilgrim in search of the absolute, are all annihilated by the inevitability of death which soon awaits me. For the greater portion of my life, I was a "pilgrim" of literature, philosophy, theology, art, drama, film, music. These were the pivot points of my soul. These were the "straws" to which my soul clung.

Now, I feel
The holy hush of death
Descending on my soul.
And have realized
That a reordering
Of perspective
Is required.

As I dive deeply
Into the seas of my soul,
I discover that prayer
Is the artifice of eternity
And even more so,
Is silence the flame of grace.

It is in prayer
That the infinite depths
Of the presence of eternity
Are revealed.

Prayer
Keeps my mind fixed
On the doorway

Into eternity
Through which my soul
Will soon pass.

I listen
With the ears
Of my soul
To the divine music
Without and within
My soul.

Above all
I listen
To the divine emptiness.

In the emptying of self,
My soul
Is made resplendent
With His light.

The eye of my soul,
Once so conditioned
To seek beauty,
Here, there, and everywhere,
Sees potentially
Everything as the beauty
Of the sacred.

Thus,
As my soul approaches
The arbor of eternity,
Every beat of my heart
And every gasping breath
Affirms that

Prayer is God:

I pray
To God
And then
God prays
In my soul,
Unceasingly
In a mystical transfiguration
Of being.

As the ship of my soul
Nears the harbor of eternity,
All the straws that littered the way,
Are Ignited with the flame of prayer.

Amidst the holocaust of ashes:
Christ alone kneels
In my soul:
Clothed in a garment
Of light.

He
Who seeks
His peace
Must enter
Through
The "narrow gate".
The "gate" of suffering.
The "gate" of love:
The soul "knee-bent"
In prayer.

Thank you for sharing with me, in the passing moments of your life, the "magnificat" beauty of your soul. Within is an eternal flame that cannot be extinguished by the "terrors of the night" or the devouring "moths" of tribulations. That living flame of love is CHRIST.

Joyce

A note on "acceptance":

"Acceptance" of cell phone mania among attendees at a performance is a dumbing down to a level of abysmal mediocrity. However, to expect a modicum of sanity and even a vestige of intelligent self-restraint at the type of concert you attended, is circumventing the issue.
In a cultural milieu (i.e. the Met, Alice Tully Hall, et al), technological intrusiveness on the part of the audience is not acceptable behavior and is disciplined as such.
The determinant is the "mentality" of the audience in the context of a performance. Those who gravitate toward Elvis impersonations inhabit a culture of impoverishment—spiritually, intellectually and aesthetically.
The aspiration of your soul, Harry, stretches towards a transcendent beauty that is eclipsed, even annihilated, in the context described.
Acceptance is capitulation and, inevitably, leads to accommodation.
Accommodation is the death knell of the soul.

November 22, 2015

The Solemnity of
Our Lord Jesus Christ
King of the Universe

Joyce Surman
25 Winthrop Drive
Manalapan, NJ 07726

To Father John Paul,

A Tabernacle of Tears:
Sparks of a Soul

"Jesus Wept."
(John 11:35)

I am a seventy-one year old lady, home bound, living alone with the Alone, who has been blessed with Parkinson's disease. In the terrible terror of the months following diagnosis, I lived in benumbed incredulity. The disparity between what I was and the predictive inevitability of what I was becoming, shrouded every moment of prayer.

My soul was crushed in a universe of interrogatives: Why? Why this particular cross? Anything but this one! Why even continue to live?

I felt my soul
being pushed
to the precipice
of nothingness.

My soul
was consumed
in a holocaust
of fear.

All that defined me was mercilessly being transformed into a vast pyre of dry twigs to which a hand unbeknownst to me was striking a match, setting all aflame.

My soul
Ignited
into an immense
conflagration.

My soul was scorched.
"Corpses" lay all around me:
"Corpses" of hopes.
"Corpses" of dreams.
"Corpses" of all that was to be.

My soul
was stripped
to a nakedness
clothed
in the scarlet robes
of terror.

My soul could surrender,
be consumed,
and embrace annihilation,
or it could arise from the ashes
like a Pelican
or soar
on eagle's wings aloft
beyond the skies of my pain
and the paralysis of bewilderment.

Perhaps my soul was being invited to both a

surrendering
and a
consummation.

Each tear then became an icon of the crucifixion:

a surrender
to the Father's will
and a
"consummatum est"
of the final benediction.

The EWTN Mass became my soul's still point; your homilies the fulcrum upon which my soul found a harbor of equanimity. When my soul grasped for meaning, it found food for

its sustenance at the table of your words. In the darkness, your reverent celebration of Mass led my soul to see the Light of His truth shining in the present moment.

The Mass
Became
the port
of my pain.

As tears so frequently overflowed my eyes, "becoming my bread by day and night" (Ps 42), I was drawn repeatedly to the shortest verse in scripture: "Jesus wept!" (John 11:35)

I began to see that the tears of Christ were stretching into the infinite caverns of my soul.
They are sparks
of pure divine light.

I saw
in the
chapel of my soul
a brilliant tabernacle
of crystal tears
like tiny consecrated Eucharists
falling
falling
from His
weeping eyes.

Each tear became for me food for prayer.
My soul fed at the banquet of Weeping Tears.

Now, the tears of Christ became for my soul, not only a transcendent mystery, but also a perfect way of prayer. In my loneliness and terror, my soul now found Christ where He had not been before visible.

My soul
now was Led
to journey
to the heart
of prayer
in the
cargo ship
of a
fragile tear.

Tears became
sparks of my soul
longing in travail
for the infinite.

Each tear
Became for my
tormented soul
a passing shadow
of eternity.

In other moments,
my tears
seemed to become
living icons
of the heart
of Christ.

Arising
on the pinions
of my soul,
I nested
in His cries.

In the torment
of the night,
the tears
of my soul
became
the emanation
of His divine splendor.

The night was no more;
instead it was transfigured
by a darkness that is bright.

Cresting
in the ascension
of His refulgent light.

After a period of several months, I started to have "new eyes" to see my afflictions as gifts of His mercy and love. After months of "blindness", He gave me sight!

My soul
began to see
the entire universe
through the tears of Christ.

Everywhere
the eyes of my soul
turned,
all was seen
as transfigured
when seen
through the lens
of His tears.

Rather than images being distorted,
all became bathed
in a crystal clarity,
a purity shone forth
from the center of things.

My soul saw
the lucidity of sorrow.
My soul saw through
the opacity of pain.
The eyes of my soul beheld
the horizon of truth
hidden beneath
the anguish of screams.

The ears of my soul
listened to tears
falling all around.

My soul heard His voice
in every tear:
here,
there
and everywhere.

He whispers
Everywhere
where there is fear.

In every tear,
the ears of my soul heard
"Follow me!"

God is everywhere
His abode is in every tear.

Tears are the radiance of His garment.

Touch the hem of a tear
and the power of faith
pours forth
with its healing balm
of superabundant graces.

"Who is it that has touched me?"
"It is I, Lord, a fragile tear, a spark of my soul!"
"Touch then and be made whole",
He said.

In my soul there is born
an apocalypse of joy.

My soul now sees tears are sacred.

Tears
Are
Sparks
of a soul.

Each tear
is a tiny chapel
in which
He weeps.

In the eternal silence
of a tear,
my soul
sings a melody
of His presence,
of His peace.

My soul now has become a vagabond of tears,

a hobo
riding
a cargo ship
to the frontiers
of eternity.

All the tears
Collected
in my soul's sack,
continuously pour
into the golden chalice
of His mercy:
sacrificial offerings
To a God who weeps
in the Tabernacles of
every soul.

Our souls are surrounded by a symphony of tears.

A sermon in a tear.
Tears of living flames of His love.
Tears stained scarlet with His drops of blood.
Fiat tears: "Thy will be done!"

Each tear a resounding thunderous echo:

"I thirst!"

When a soul
sees the world through
the weeping eyes of Christ,
it stands atop Mt. Tabor.
All becomes transfiguration.

My soul discovered
in the "weeping Christ"
the entire Gospel
written in tears:
of faith,
of hope,
and of love.

The tears of Christ are my tears.
The tears of Christ are your tears.
The tears of Christ are the world's tears.

Christ weeps in us,
with us,
and for us.
We never weep alone.

For in the weeping Christ
we live
and move
and have our being.

All tears flow
Flooding the plains
Of our souls
into the vast ocean
of His mercy.

When my soul
sees the world
through the tears of Christ,
it hears a requiem
sung by sorrow.

Sorrow
forges a soul
to perfection
in a tear
whose center
is Hope.

Your homilies and devout reverential celebration of Mass have been blessings on my journey to finding peace in God's will.

Enclosed is a gift of a tear, a spark of my soul—a tear that touches the frontiers of eternity. It is a tear offered in thanksgiving, joy and gratitude for the abundant graces of your priesthood.
Please pray for me as I continue to pray for you.

In the tears of Christ,

Joyce Surman

Oct 23 2016

Loneliness and fear
Have sharp teeth
That gnaw my soul
And the wound is deep.

My soul shrieks,
My soul howls,
I pray a tear.